

The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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Social Problems in Norwegian Novels.

THIS is the Augustan age of Norse literature, though without any Augustus. Literature has in modern times outgrown its tutelage, and the literary patron has disappeared. In the days of the first Bernadotte it was necessary for an author to please the King; now, popularity is more easily gained by displeasing him. The present school in Norwegian literature is happy to dispense with royal patronage; and it is the more fearless and vigorous because of its independence. To be sure, the people, through the Storting, grant a 'poet's salary' of about \$600 annually to each of the principal authors, in order to enable him to work without subjection to sordid cares. Foremost among those who enjoy this public recognition is Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, and it is his latest contribution to literature which I shall first consider. The novel 'Det Flager i Byen og paa Havnen' ('Flags are Flying in City and Harbor') reminds one of Zola, though it is written from an optimistic point of view. It deals fearlessly with the ills from which society in the Scandinavian north is suffering, but it points also to the remedy. The author traces with a firm hand the hereditary transmission of mental and physical traits from generation to generation, and enforces at every step the responsibility of the individual to society and to the race. Marriage, which at present is based upon sentimental or financial considerations, entails moral obligations of enormous consequence, which it is disastrous to ignore. The present haphazard system encourages a heedless improvidence in regard to the character of the offspring, and brings upon thousands of innocent beings miseries which a little self-restraint and prudent foresight on the part of their parents might have averted. Gradually, as the laws of heredity are being explored and scientifically defined, the excuse for such improvidence will be diminished; and it is Bjørnson's purpose in his last book to present in an impressive form that which is already known, and to trace the consequences of violation of the law as well as of a wise regard for it. If any one should object that such precautions would argue distrust of Providence, he would no doubt reply that Providence, in his opinion, does not interpose to free us from the consequences of our own blunders; nor does it (as experience shows) give healthy and vigorous children to people who marry in defiance of moral and physical laws. Vice and disease are transmitted from parent to child, and a disease in the former may take the shape of an unconquerable predisposition to this or that vice in the latter.

It is time, according to Bjørnson, that we dealt fearlessly with this problem, instead of prudishly blushing, and deprecating honest discussion. Vice is a tree with so many and such far-reaching roots, that no one generation can undertake to eradicate it; but if each generation, by a scrupulous conformity to ascertainable natural laws, would labor to eradicate it in the next, we should obtain valuable results. A true reformer should deal with causes, rather than with

effects. It is foolish to suppose that you can suppress drunkenness or unchastity by making men, in a moment of excitement, sign pledges to be sober and pure. The hereditary impulse remains, in spite of all pledges. The diseased stomach, which refuses to digest without stimulants, may be a bequest from a vicious ancestor who ruined his nerves by excesses, or it may have been ruined by the sufferer's own indulgence. In either case, it is a calamity which only in exceptional cases can be counteracted by pledges. Individual effort, of course, may be effective, and is morally valuable; but it is the exception and not the rule that a permanent cure is made. For the vice of impurity, which Bjørnson believes to be responsible for many other vices, a remedy is proposed which, no doubt, would cause as much indignation in the United States as it did among the inhabitants of the fictitious coast-town in Norway. He recommends that boys and girls be instructed by their parents in regard to the relation of the sexes. The mystery which surrounds that relation, the fragmentary and distorted information which is derived from comrades, and the disinclination of teachers and moralists to face the problem squarely—it is these conditions which, in Bjørnson's opinion, annually wreck so many youthful lives.

Another Norwegian novelist, Alexander Kielland, second only to Bjørnson in distinction, has in his charming story 'Elsie' dealt with the same problem; and in his novel 'Arbeidsfolk' ('Laboring People') he frightened a host of his admirers by the uncompromising vigor and hideous realism with which he described the results of vicious indulgence. In 'Elsie' the humor and the exquisite art with which the details of a small town's life was rendered, reconciled the readers to the more harrowing scenes. While Bjørnson primarily emphasizes the responsibility of the individual to society, Kielland chooses to emphasize the responsibility of society to the individual. The former selects a hero with vicious inherited tendencies, redeemed by wise education and favorable environment; the latter portrays a heroine with no corrupt predisposition, destroyed by a corrupting environment. Elsie could not be good, because the world was once so constituted that girls of her kind were not expected to be good. Temptations, perpetually thronging in her way, broke down the moral bulwarks of her nature; resistance seemed in vain. In the end, there is scarcely one who, having read the book, will have the heart to condemn her.

Incomparably clever is the satire on the benevolent societies which exist to furnish a kind of officious sense of virtue to their aristocratic members. 'The Society for the Redemption of the Abandoned Women of St. Peter's Parish' is presided over by a gentleman who is responsible for the abandoned condition of a goodly number of them. However, it turns out that those miserable creatures who need to be redeemed belong to another parish, and accordingly cannot be reached by St. Peter's. St. Peter's parish is aristocratic, exclusive, and keeps its wickedness discreetly veiled. The horror of the secretary of the society, when she hears that 'the abandoned woman' who calls upon her for aid, has a child but is not married, is both comic and pathetic. In fact, there is not a scene in the book which is not instinct with life and admirably characteristic.

In 'Laboring People' it is again the corrupting influence of the higher classes upon the lower which furnishes the theme of the author; only the 'scientific realism' of which Zola speaks is here carried to a point where no reviewer dares to follow. It is the pathology of vice rather than its psychology which occupies Kielland, and pathology lies outside of the domain of art. For the same reason it is difficult to discuss Ibsen's drama 'Gjengangere' ('Ghosts'), which deals with the avenging of the sins of the fathers upon the children. It is in this case a disease resulting from vice which brings misery and terrible soul-struggles upon the son of him who had sinned. But the worst of all is that the predisposition to vice is also inherited. The

question is: 'Is he then guilty,—is he responsible for his own wrong-doing? Or if he is not, who is?' These are tremendous problems, which it takes courage to propound, and still more courage to answer.

It is a curious phenomenon, this sudden interest on the part of the Scandinavian authors in the question of heredity. As we have seen, they shrink from no situation, however revolting, and respect no scruples of taste or of conventional prudishness. The scientific spirit which regards truth rather than beauty has taken possession of them, and has made them scorn the delectable path of æsthetic trifling which they trod before. That the Norwegians, and perhaps still more the Swedes, need to have these lessons preached to them, there can be no doubt; nor can any one question the purity of the motives which have impelled Björnson, Ibsen and Kielland to enlist their powers in the service of public morality. In the meanwhile, the old-fashioned reader, who takes up a novel to while away an idle hour, is having a hard time of it; for unless he is conversant with foreign languages, he is forced to resort to bad translations of Marlit and Werner and Miss Mulock. The native critics, too, of the conservative school, call down anathemas from heaven upon the terrible poets; but these labor on, heedless of the din, and will sound even deeper depths than they have hitherto sounded.

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

Edwin Arnold's "Song Celestial." *

SOME of the tropical luxuriance of India seems to have passed into the pen of Mr. Edwin Arnold. This is the fifth or sixth volume of Oriental verse in which during the last few years he has poured forth the treasures of his Eastern learning on every variety of ancient Indian legend, idyll, and song. We have the 'Indian Idylls' from the Mahābhārata, 'Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary,' 'Poems,' containing the Indian Song of Songs, 'The Secret of Death' (a popular version of the Katha Upanishad), 'The Light of Asia,' and finally 'The Song Celestial.' Mr. Arnold is truly a poet-enthusiast. While many people are repelled by the harsh or monotonous Oriental proper names, or the extravagances of Oriental imagery and spirit-worship, he revels in this fantastic world, and lays before the public poem after poem superabounding with all the peculiarities of Eastern rhetoric and mythology. He is not dazzled or dazed by these ingenious song-pagodas, in which story rises on story, each with its tinkling bell, each high-colored and grotesque—a wonder of word-architecture, of fluent verse, of facile learning, of lyric and epic swing. And yet with all his poetic gift Mr. Arnold is not a poet: he is a rhetorician, a fiery improvisatore whose rushing facility owes more to a cunning manipulation of words than to genuine inspiration, a 'verbalist' of supreme talent, a versifier who rivals a master-singer of old Nuremberg in copiousness and profusion. He is a *tertium quid* who stands midway between the poet and the fervid prose-writer, and in this his last venture—'The Song Celestial'—his limitations and defects are no less patent than in former poems from his abundant hand. Its subject is based upon an episode drawn from the great Hindoo epic, the Mahābhārata, which enjoys immense popularity and authority in India and is reckoned one of the 'fine jewels' of Devanāgarī literature. This poem contains a philosophical system which even down to to-day is the prevailing Brahmanic belief and won the admiration of Schlegel by its pure and tender piety, sublime aspirations, and lofty aims. The parallelism between its teachings and those of the New Testament is so close that pandits and missionaries squabble over the question whether the author borrowed from Christian sources or the evangelists and apostles from him. The plot of the poem, which is a blank-verse adaptation, with lyrical interludes, of the original, is extremely simple, and consists of a dialogue held by Prince

Arjuna with Krishna, the Supreme Deity, wearing the guise of a charioteer. A great battle is impending between two contending hosts, and the poem passes in dialogue-form, in a war-chariot drawn up between the antagonists. It is very interesting in many parts, though often obscure and choked with unpronounceable proper names. The lyrical interludes play incessantly between the heavy dark clouds of mystic converse, speculation, and monologue carried on by the interlocutors—a play of summer-lightning, full of flashes of beauty and eloquence, in many metres, which throw the contiguous parts into sombre relief. These 'madonna-veils' of verse hang between part and part like the brilliant choral webs of Greek tragedy which knit the Sophoclean and Euripidean verse-spheres together. Up and down these dazzling webs flow the mysterious messages of Providence, the decrees of fate, the cries and tears of men, the angry or iridescent moods of humanity fraught with every passion or memory that transpierces the human heart. Mr. Arnold is extremely successful in lightening his translation in this way, in unexpectedly dropping his passenger into one of these air gondolas, and shooting him out into a sea full of music and sunshine. Otherwise the nearly two hundred pages of poetic converse would become unbearably monotonous.

Zeisberger's Missionary Journal.*

DAVID ZEISBERGER was to the Indians of the Ohio Valley in the Eighteenth Century what John Eliot was to those of New England in the Seventeenth—a teacher, an advocate, and a protector, always devoted, judicious, self-denying, and indefatigable. The histories of these illustrious missionaries had much in common. Each of them gathered churches, founded towns, and diffused the arts of civilization among his red disciples. Both of them studied carefully the languages of their converts, and composed grammars, printed school books, and made translations of the Scriptures, which remain as monuments of their intelligent zeal and as treasures of philological science. Each of these gave to his work the energies of a life protracted much beyond the usual limit, for Eliot died at eighty-six and Zeisberger at eighty-seven. And each of them, unfortunately, after a term of remarkable and encouraging success, had the grief of seeing the fruit of his labors in great part swept away by forces which no zeal or judgment could control. The churches of Eliot's 'praying Indians' was in part dispersed by 'Philip's War,' and the remnant, under the blighting influences of the white settlements, gradually decayed, until, in little more than a century after his death, not one descendant of his converts remained who could read his Indian Bible. The Revolutionary War was still more disastrous to Zeisberger's plans. The hope which he entertained,—at one time apparently well-founded,—of seeing a civilized Indian nation established on the Ohio plains, vanished like a dream. Of the flourishing towns which he founded, there were left only heaps of blood-stained ashes; and he and his fellow-missionaries, with a few of their faithful adherents, were fugitives in Canada. It is a dismal story, which has been often told, and nowhere better than in Bishop de Schweinitz's admirable 'Life of Zeisberger' (published in 1870), to which Mr. Bliss, the editor of the present work, freely acknowledges his obligations.

This diary covers seventeen years of the most unfortunate, and at the same time the most eventful, portion of Zeisberger's career,—from 1781 to 1798. It begins with the destruction of the mission towns on the Muskingum by a force of Wyandots and other hostile Indians, under English officers, by whom Zeisberger and his fellow-missionaries, with many of their converts, were led captives to Detroit, then under British rule. Next came the news of the inhuman massacre of a large number of the converts who had remained about their former homes. These were slain by

* The Song Celestial, or Bhagavad-Gītā. Translated from the Sanskrit text by Edwin Arnold. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* Diary of David Zeisberger, a Moravian Missionary among the Indians of Ohio. Translated and edited by Eugene A. Bliss. 2 vols. \$6.00. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

the American militia, who, in their indiscriminating fury, confounded them with the hostile Indians, the scourge of the frontier. The painful wanderings and persistent efforts of the Moravian teachers and their adherents, while—half-prisoners, half-refugees—under British authority, they again and again founded and abandoned their little towns and churches in Northern Ohio, in Michigan, and in Canada, occupy the greater portion of these volumes. The story closes in 1798, just as Zeisberger was preparing to return, with some of his people, to their former home in their favorite valley of the Muskingum. There, in the same year, at the age of seventy-eight, he laid out his last town, the little missionary settlement of Goshen, long since deserted and forgotten. And there, ten years later, death found him at his post, sad and feeble, but resolute to the last.

The publication of this diary is due to the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio. All who are interested in American history will be grateful to the Society for this valuable addition to our sources of information respecting a period and a series of events of great importance in the development of the West. It is true that Zeisberger's position between two contending powers required from him extreme caution in the preparation of a journal intended for the information of the heads of the mission in Pennsylvania and in Europe, but which might fall into the hands of hostile or suspicious authorities. Thus the notices of public events are less frequent and full than might otherwise have been expected. There is enough, however, of historical interest to warrant the labor and expense of translating and printing the journal. The names of the Committee of Publication—Messrs. Julius Dexter, Robert Clarke, and Manning F. Force—afford a sufficient guarantee that their duty has been well performed. The translator has reproduced the diary in clear and readable English, and has prefixed a brief biography of Zeisberger, which, with the useful notes appended to the pages where obscurities needed to be cleared up, and a full index, leaves little to be desired. As the journal refers to many local names which have long since been disused, a map would have been a serviceable addition to the volumes. Zeisberger, it should be added, left many manuscript compositions relating to Indian linguistics, including grammars and dictionaries of the Delaware and Onondaga languages. His excellent Delaware grammar, translated by the distinguished philologist P. S. Duponceau, was printed in 1827 by the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia—a fact of which his biographer, Bishop de Schweinitz, seems not to have been aware. But his other works, including some of great scientific value, still remain to be given to the world by our learned societies, or by private munificence. The action of the Ohio Society may afford the needed example and stimulus for this duty.

"Goose-Quill Papers."

LITERARY affectation is fast becoming the fashion of the day. The poets can sing nowadays only in 'trioletts,' 'rondeaux,' 'chants royal,' or 'ballades'; the prose-writers must imitate the quips and quaintnesses of former times. Nobody is himself: everybody is somebody else! How shall the future literary historian classify these chameleons who change from themselves to other people in the twinkling of an eye? A 'complete collection of their ingenious conversation'—in the language of Dean Swift—might show them to be numerous personalities masquerading in literary rags for the delectation of themselves and the mystification of the community. Were it a muzzle and not a masque with the most of them, the bibliographer of the future would be infinitely eased, the sensation of 'falling plumb into the jaws of the critics' would be averted, and the task of the censor would be a mere 'tale of a tub.' The fashion nowadays, however, is not to conceal the forgery, as Chatterton or Ireland or Macpherson did. It is, on the contrary, to

sign your name to it in full, with all imaginable flourishes and smiles: with an 'Am I not just lovely?' suggested by the context.

Miss Guiney's volume of 'Goose-Quill Papers' is not devoid of tendencies to this sort of affectation. The Biblical forms 'hath,' 'cometh,' and so on, in which the papers abound, are unpleasantly suggestive of 'ye oldene time,' and the straining after quaintness and conceit of expression that goes along with it is not natural or agreeable. We should much prefer Miss Guiney pure to Miss Guiney mixed, for often when she is herself we catch charming notes, while often when she is trying to be Elia or 'Oliver,' the effect is distinctly grating. Her little book is made up of soliloquies and meditations (mostly in the first person) on all sorts of quiet subjects, rural, literary, autobiographical. They all have the wit of brevity, and one can fancy the manuscript written with beautiful calligraphy—which is only spoilt by printing. The evidences of hidden and out-of-the-way reading are extensive; anecdotes with the dew still on them are frequent; and so are reminiscences of Emerson. That there is a literary gift here we do not deny, but that it is veiled or varnished over with affectations is equally undeniable.

"Aulnay Tower."

FROM the author of 'One Summer' one expects something light and pleasant; from the author of 'Guenn' one looks for signs of painstaking and literary conscience; but 'Aulnay Tower' is so great an advance on all Miss Howard's previous work, as to be a genuine and grateful surprise. More elaborate than the simple 'One Summer,' less elaborate than the over-worked 'Guenn,' it is a genuine novel, entitled to high praise for its fine clear plot, its terse style, its quick movement, its bright conversation, its sharply individualized characters, its nicely balanced tragedy and comedy. In the opening chapters we are at once given a 'situation'—one, too, with historical importance,—and are plunged into a delightful mystery with a romantic, deep-eyed Abbé at the heart of it. It is true that even 'Aulnay Tower' might have been made better. The plot and the mystery are so successfully wound up, that the solution is a little too simple. Even the critical mind, which is not supposed to be imaginative, thinks it could evolve a more striking *finale*. All the dishonor and suspicion and lack of good faith are brought to an end by the simple opening of a door and one pistol-shot. What a stirring scene it would have made if that door had been opened when the Countess was with the Abbé in the Tower! How easily her real motive of unmasking the Abbé could have been twisted to seem to the discoverers her serving him as an accomplice! Nevertheless, we are far from wishing to find any fault with one of the most entertaining books of the summer, which possesses qualities redeeming it from being merely a book of the season, and which proves the author to possess in a high degree the gifts necessary to the true novelist. The character-drawing of the dignified countess, the gay soldiers, the chatty maid, the intriguing abbé, the poor, imposed-upon marquis, is perfect, while the mystery of the plot sustains well the deep interest of the story.

Hegel's *Æsthetics*.

FOR Griggs's German Philosophical Classics for English Readers and Students, Dr. Kedney has made an excellent summary of Hegel's *Æsthetics*. He has not only given us the substance of Hegel, in language which is intelligible to all, but he has subjected Hegel's theories to a criticism which cannot fail to be of great value to the student. The first part of the *Æsthetics* of Hegel is devoted to the philosophy of the subject; and this is faithfully reproduced in a condensed form. The second part, in which the logical

* *Goose-Quill Papers*. By Louise Imogen Guiney. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* *Aulnay Tower*. By Blanche Willis Howard. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
† *Hegel's Æsthetics*. A Critical Exposition. By John Steinfort Kedney, S.T.D. \$1.25. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

and historical development of the art-impulse is traced, is here given only in its substance, Dr. Kedney having in the main substituted for it an original disquisition, which has more immediate regard to present æsthetic problems. As the third part is devoted to the arts in detail, only the important definitions and fundamental ideas are here reproduced. It will be seen that Dr. Kedney has shown good sense in what he has included in his work, and that it is not merely a reproduction of Hegel. His own criticisms are carefully separated from that which summarizes Hegel, by being included in brackets. It seems to us that it is very desirable that Hegel should be placed within the reach of all students of æsthetics and art in this comprehensive manner, for the sake of his remarkable philosophy of the subject. The tendency now is to lower the recognition of the beautiful and the sublime to a mere love of pleasure, and to give to art a purely utilitarian significance. There can be no better remedy for such theories than Hegel's profound philosophical insight. For him art is a growth of the inward nature of man, a flowering of the imagination and the spiritual nature. His theories may have too little body, but they admirably supplement and correct the objective theories of the present day. The second part presents the claims of romantic art in a thoroughly sympathetic and appreciative manner, contrasting it with realistic art. To the devotees of realism these chapters are worthy of an attentive perusal, as they will help to correct some narrow views and some unworthy practices. Realism is undoubtedly based on a true theory of art, but it needs to be supplemented and corrected and inspired by the spirit of the romantic. Goethe, Scott, and Hugo were romanticists of the kind we sadly stand in need of in our literature at the present time. We can but hope that Dr. Kedney's book will help to revive amongst us the better spirit of romanticism, both in art and in literature.

"Hunting Trips of a Ranchman."*

In these days of many and cheap editions, a really beautiful book is something pleasant to own, and it is inevitable that part of the satisfaction in having the Medora edition of Mr. Roosevelt's 'Hunting Trips' upon one's table should be the underlying consciousness that only four hundred and ninety-nine other people can possibly have the same pleasure. The liberal size, the broad margin, the heavy paper, the rough-edged pages, have a distinct charm of their own, speaking of elegance and literary leisure both for the composing and the reading. One handles the book long even before turning the pages for the beautiful illustrations by Frost, Sandham, J. C. Beard and Mr. and Mrs. Gifford. The pictures are so interesting as well as fine that they would alone serve as the book's excuse for being, and for being so beautiful. As we turn at last to the text, we find it a pleasant record of actual experience, a healthful reminder of the resources for keen enjoyment that his own country holds for the intelligent American, a practical guide for those who would try the same kind of sport, a breezy bit of forest and field for those who can only kill their deer in books. There is not the slightest attempt at 'fine writing'; the chapters are quietly elaborated from the merest notes of the events; the author chronicles his failures as well as his successes, and speaks with the greatest modesty of what was really a feat: his killing two fat buck with one shot at a distance of four hundred yards.

Though the pages do not ring with enthusiastic rhetoric, there is felt a strong undercurrent of genuine enthusiasm, and to other lovers of the West there is something especially charming in the way in which Mr. Roosevelt not only appears with pride as a ranchman, but effaces himself completely as anything but a ranchman. One would suppose he had never seen New York. The ranches which he makes his headquarters are situated in the famous 'Bad Lands' of the Little Missouri—the tract of curiously

hilly and stony country which the Kansas ranchman surveys questioning from the car-windows with profound wonder how a ranch can possibly exist under such different conditions from the prairie. Mr. Roosevelt bears testimony to the improved morals of the cowboys in his vicinity, and having recently passed through the tract now famous for the excitement lent by the Marquis de Mores, we can ourselves testify that the cowboys no longer shoot into the train as it glides by, but content themselves with firing above, below, and around it, satisfied with the comparatively mild excitement of knowing that the ladies in the Pullman must be frightened, even if they are not hurt. Altogether the happy possessors of Mr. Roosevelt's volume are to be congratulated.

Farmer's "Detroit."*

It would be well if every growing city would appoint an official whose duty should be to keep its archives in order, and commit to the press such memorials as its citizens might desire to preserve. Taking this judicious view of the matter, the City Council of Detroit in 1842 wisely established the office of City Historiographer. With less evident wisdom they made the office 'purely honorary.' The result was that, as usual, they got as much as they gave. At length, however, with better fortune than this parsimony deserved, the office fell to a public-spirited holder, Mr. Silas Farmer, who has performed its duties as well as if it had been accompanied by a salary—and possibly better. In a handsome octavo volume of a thousand pages he has given us a 'History of Detroit and Michigan.' As this title shows, the State, in Mr. Farmer's view, is only an appendage to the city. The State, in fact, seems to have grown out of the city, and to have grown great by plundering it. One ambitious town in the interior has stolen the capitol from it, and another the University—though leaving behind, it must be said, the imposing—not to say astonishing—name under which that institution was first founded, the 'Catholepistemiad or University of Michigan.' In spite, however, of what was taken and left, Detroit has continued to flourish, until it is now, as every one knows, one of the most thriving and attractive cities of the Union. Of its architectural beauties the abundant illustrations afford ample evidence. The contents of the volume comprise everything that the history of an American city could be expected to contain, and the work may well be taken as a model by other civic historians. Mr. Farmer, it should be said, writes in an unpretentious but easy and readable style, and he has managed to pick up for his work some poetical pieces, which—particularly the historical and descriptive compositions of Judge J. V. Campbell—are decidedly above the average, and well worthy of preservation.

"Errors in the Use of English."†

THE ornithologist has his cabinet of stuffed birds, the conchologist his shells, the herbalist his herbarium, and the 'verbalist' his 'errors.' What should we do but for the writers of 'erroneous' English—the goose-quills brandished by goose-quibblers who annually deluge us with ink black as night and wrathful with indignation over the twisted concords of poor humanity? A distinct class of intellectual detectives has grown up in the community, self-appointed, self-complacent, censorious, whose task is the purification of the Queen's English. Their 'lines' usually do not fall in 'pleasant places,' for they carp and rail and correct perpetually; they compile an Index Expurgatorius of tabooed terms, and enter this, that, and the other word or expression in their black lists. And all this *sæva indignatio* over words, words, words! Lists in hundreds, chaptered and subdivided, make up the rosters of these railing books which usually quarantine all new words or pigeon-hole them in

* Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. \$15. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* The History of Detroit and Michigan, or the Metropolis. By Silas Farmer, City Historiographer. Illustrated. Detroit: Silas Farmer & Co.
† A School Edition of Hodgson's Errors in the Use of English. Compiled and edited by J. D. Christie. 75 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

hypercritical corners. Who writes 'pure' English? Who ever wrote it? Not Dr. Johnson or Addison, Swift or Milton, Macaulay or Ruskin; for the writings of these folk are starred and daggered with 'errors'—at least in the 'error' books! Who then? The *dii minores* who compile black-lists, expurgatorial indexes, and 'errors!' In this school edition of Hodgson we have hundreds of inaccuracies 'nailed'; grammatical blunders 'buoyed,' so to speak, so as to point out the sunken reefs below; miscellaneous misdemeanors 'scotched' and 'blazed' for the warning of passers-by. Such a book will afford endless delight to the ingenious school-teacher who, 'after-school,' holds a *conversazione* on points in grammar and makes the symposial congregation vote on blunders by holding up their hands. 'This is poison' may keep people from dangerous experimentation with liquids and solids; this is 'bad English' may frighten an errant scribe into propriety; but we doubt on the whole whether 'good English' was ever taught by the compilers of 'bad.'

Recent Fiction

'SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME,' by Hall Caine, (Harper's Handy Series) is the exceedingly foolish and deceptive title of what is really a strong and fine novel, written with the peculiar power which the author has already shown in other stories. Its local color is that of the Isle of Man, and its tone that of a weird, strange tale, which can certainly be called original, and which is deeply interesting. The scene when the proud old man declares that he had known of the mortgage of his property, in reality forged by his scapegrace son, may rank with the magnificent lie told by Victor Hugo's Sister of Charity. There is a slightly palliative tone in regard to much of the wild doings in the book, in regard to which there may be some difference of opinion. The author seems to feel that after all Christian was quite a fine fellow, while in fact the reader does not greatly sympathize with him, and finds it impossible to believe that he was one to suffer so much from remorse or to retrace his evil steps with so much fervor. That he was faithful to one woman without the ceremony of marriage seemed to himself, and apparently also to the author, so much better than being unfaithful to one to whom he might have the proper outward tie, as to redeem the mixture of evil with such faithfulness.

THE mysterious title of 'The Waters of Hercules' (Harper's Handy Series), combined with the ancient legend of its introduction and the perplexities of its prologue, suggests a somewhat tiresome mythological or historical novel. The surprise and pleasure are therefore all the greater when it proves to be a thoroughly charming story, made up of so many pleasing elements as to seem like a delightful jumbling of several of the best stories we remember—'The Initials,' the 'Roi des Montagnes,' and others of such goodly company. It is long, but the interest—sustained first by a gentle curiosity as to the fate of the earnest German doctor and the firm little coquette (as 'mercenary' as Bella Wilfur and much more engaging), and later by a forcible and clever mingling of high tragedy with graceful comedy—does not lapse for a moment. The characters are all drawn with a distinctness of individuality which makes them almost equally entertaining. The mercenary Gretchen, the frivolous little countess, the stern, strong doctor, the light, irrepressible Tolnay, the pert boy, the phlegmatic Englishman, the tragic and indolent Roumanian Princess who was 'fond of caves'—these would make the story an admirable one, even without so thrilling and mysterious a plot.

GEORGE AFTEREM is the appropriate name or *nom de plume* of an author who has written a very clever, original and entertaining detective story, called 'Silken Threads.' (Cupples, Upham & Co.) It is one of the best of the many we have had lately, not being in the least an imitation of successful French methods, but having original 'threads' of its

own to be disentangled after being ingeniously interwoven to a web of circumstantial evidence which goes far to criminate three different persons. The only flaw in the management of the story is that the author tacitly, and quite needlessly, 'gives himself away' in the seventh chapter. It must be a very inexperienced reader, indeed, who does not foresee then the real criminal, though not the means by which the crime was accomplished. It would have been perfectly easy to deepen the mystery a little by omitting the incident of Margaret Fullerton's meeting Dalton on the street; but in spite of this mistake, one's interest in the story does not slacken.

WE are brave; we are patient; we are conscientious. But three hundred pages of execrable print, with the absurd title, 'O Tender Dolores,' by the Duchess (Lippincotts), is more than we can bear. Our conscientiousness has taken the form of obeying the injunction of the title and tendering Dolores to a friend, much as Frank Buckland paid another man a quarter to taste a new kind of oyster for him; and the friend assures us that the story is as foolish as its title. —'A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN,' also by the Duchess (Lippincotts), is more attractive in its print and more readable; but the Duchess has done better work in her day than either of these books. —'SIMPLY A LOVE STORY,' by Philip Orne, (Cupples, Upham & Co.) is quite as foolish and dull as its title and the pair of turtle-doves on the cover would lead one to suppose.

COLLECTIONS of good short stories are universally popular. 'Tales from Blackwood's' had a great run in this country, and 'Short Stories by American Authors' were received with the enthusiasm they deserved. Dodd, Mead & Co. have now begun a series of such collections, to be called 'Tales from Many Sources.' The first four volumes are out, and prove so attractive that the success of the series is assured. None of the stories as yet are of American origin, and the general plan seems to be to make the English magazines the 'many sources.' This is a good idea, as it brings the best English stories easily to the American market, and those already chosen give evidence that the selection is in the hands of compilers with judgment and good taste. The volumes are tastefully bound in cloth, and sold for the reasonable price of seventy-five cents.

Minor Notices

PORTER & COATES reissue the 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room' of T. S. Arthur. It is a series of pitiful tales to illustrate the wickedness and danger of the open saloons that not only lead to temptation but cause it. No such tales could be too pitiful to be true; and the book is of use if only to suggest that the great problem is really that of temperance in its true sense. Temperance, strangely enough, has come to mean abstinence; but writing at the moment in one of the Western States, where abstinence has been tried only with the result of adding hypocrisy and deceit and evasion of law to the crime of the dram-drinker, the reviewer is unwilling to claim abstinence as the solution of the problem. At the same time, no conviction is stronger in his mind than that the open saloon on every corner is a fatal source of temptation that would else be resisted, or that might not even be felt. That it should be possible to obtain whiskey no one who has had a friend in danger from a rattlesnake will be likely to deny; but that it should be difficult to obtain it, as few will deny. It should be the sting of the rattlesnake, or the cough of the consumptive, that should suggest the whiskey—not the sight of the whiskey itself.

MR. W. H. BISHOP publishes in Harper's Handy Series a pleasant sketch of 'Fish and Men in the Maine Islands,' picturesquely illustrated. It is the account of a traveller who started with a preconceived notion that the coast of

Maine, not being in Europe, must perforce be leaden in color, chilly, desolate, iron-bound. How his previous conceptions were shaken, and how he found on the rugged, ragged New England shore the coloring of Bellagio or Sorrento, is very pleasantly described. The illustrations of Mt. Desert are particularly good and faithful.

DR. ANDREW P. PEABODY has translated 'Plutarch on the Delay of the Divine Justice,' adding to it notes and an introduction. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) His introduction gives us an admirable insight into the work and philosophy of Plutarch; and it serves an excellent purpose of preparing us for the reading of this great classic writer. The notes are helpful, and convey such information as the reader needs. This essay is one of great beauty and thoughtfulness; and it brings before us considerations which many at the present time can appreciate. It deserves a place alongside the greatest works on the problem of evil.

A PLEASANT feature of the little book called 'Object Lessons on Plants,' Part III. of 'Practical Work in the School-room' (New York: A. Lovell & Co.), is the announcement on the title-page that it includes a transcript of lessons given in the primary department of a public school in New York. These are the methods of teaching which are thought to be almost impossible for large graded schools, and the record of every successful experiment with them is to be hailed with thanksgiving. The book is fully illustrated, and, as all text-books should be, is adapted to the use of teachers rather than pupils, with its suggestions as to how the facts should be taught, rather than accumulations of facts to be committed to memory.

'GENERAL GORDON' is an interesting life of a most interesting man. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) The author has realized that such fascinating facts as he had for material did not need the artificial support of fine writing, and has judiciously made the simplest and most direct statement of everything concerning Gordon and his wonderful career. As a biography it has the merit of interesting us greatly in the man as well as the hero. Certainly the man's heroic qualities are those most striking in any account of him; but he was equally remarkable for an extreme gentleness and devotion to others, and had a right to the title of 'the Christian Hero' given him by the author. Boys will especially enjoy the anecdotes that show Gordon's wonderful coolness and nerve; and it is in every way an excellent book for them to be encouraged to like.

'HOW TO PLAY WHIST,' by Richard A. Proctor, (Harper's Handy Series) is a valuable contribution to the subject. It deals, of course, with the modern game, and its chief value is in its comparative simplicity. Instead of the elaborate instructions as to the right card to play in a given hand or from a given suit, which have heretofore obliged the beginner to commit to memory a terrible number of rules and exceptions, we are now simply told 'when to lead ace,' 'when to lead king,' etc. At first sight this may seem an insignificant departure; but a little experimenting with a learner will show its great advantages. 'Forty illustrative games' are included in the book, and curiosity is piqued at once by the famous game in which the Duke of Cumberland lost a bet of \$100,000 by not taking a single trick, though he held the king, knave, nine, and seven of trumps, with the ace and king of diamonds, ace, king, queen and knave of hearts, and ace, king and queen of spades—all face cards except the two small trumps. And yet he had the lead and led 'the correct card.'

—The October number of *Shakspeareana* will contain an article by Prof. Karl Blind on Shakspeare and Montaigne, and a sketch of Shakspeare Societies in America, with special reference to the New York Shakspeare Society.

The Singer of One Song.

He sang one song and died: no more but that:
A single song and carelessly complete.
He would not bind and thresh his chance-grown wheat
Nor bring his wild fruit to the common vat,
To store the acid rinsings, thin and flat,
Squeezed from the press or trodden under feet.
A few slow beads, blood-red and honey-sweet,
Oozed from the grape, which burst and spilled its fat.
But Time, who soonest drops the heaviest things
That weight his pack, will carry diamonds long.
So through the poet's orchestra, which weaves
One music from a thousand stops and strings,
Pierces the note of that immortal song:—
'High over all the lonely bugle grieves.'

HENRY A. BEERS.

The Lounger

THERE was a time—and it was not long ago, either—when *The Saturday Review* gave evidence, under its new editor, of a change of heart on the subject of America and things American. A number of articles appeared in its columns, which denoted not only an intelligent understanding of affairs on this side of the Atlantic, but a desire to take a fair and liberal view of them. But the editor has evidently got into hot water with his readers by adopting such a course, and has yielded at last to their demands for more of the 'slashing' anti-American articles to which they were accustomed under the old editorial régime.

AN occasion to gratify his Tory *clientèle* was afforded by the Westminster services in memory of General Grant. The race for the America's Cup affords another. The capture of that piece of plate in 1851 was 'a splendid victory,' says *The Saturday*; but it instantly adds that the America 'had a large concession made to her,' and that, 'had there been time allowance, one of the English craft would have run her very close.' The British yacht *Cambria* was beaten in her attempt to regain the Cup; but then 'she hardly could have won except by some astounding fluke.' (It was an 'anchor start,' so I suppose the 'astounding fluke' that would have enabled the *Cambria* to win was one that would have dropped off in the mud when the moment came for weighing anchor and making sail; or is 'fluke' only good English for an accidental and unexpected advantage?) Mr. Ashbury, the owner of the *Cambria*, then built the *Livonia* and raced her for the Cup, but with no better success, the conduct of the Yacht Club committee on this occasion being 'by no means sportsmanlike.' The attempts made by Canadian yachtsmen to wrest the trophy from the New York Yacht Club have been 'of a very puerile nature.'

The Saturday Review is so kind as to admit that the present attempt to retake the Cup is a 'real attempt'—the earlier ones having presumably been mere feints. But then the Puritan is a vessel of 'a vile type,' and probably worthless for any purpose but to run a race. If she wins, it will signify nothing; if she loses, the Genesta will have performed 'a very extraordinary feat.' Moreover, it is almost hopeless to attempt to win a victory in American waters, for 'even the wind is patriotic in America,' and British sportsmen have long thought that, 'whatever American yachts might be like, American diplomatic ability would be equal to any situation whatever.' Finally, the Cup itself had much better be left in New York in any case, as it is 'perhaps the ugliest piece of plate ever made by an English silversmith.' So whichever way the race goes, this amiable review is determined to be disappointed and displeased.

THE author of the book of verse which I spoke of last week as having been praised by that anomalous organization, the 'Philadelphia School of Critics,' writes that that is not the real title of the body that was so pleased with his effusions. He forgets their official title, 'as it was in Jan. 27th, 1883, and I paid them \$6 for an examination of my verse.' He then goes on to say: 'And since you have twice referred to me in a semi-facetious manner, and with the added charm of a real vein of wit, I would say that some have called me a poet, and that some have utterly and absolutely denied me the possession of this faculty.' The result being that on November next I propose to lay the case before the arbitration of the world in a large 8vo. volume of poems, containing 500 pages, with nearly 50 lines to the page,

there being about 225 poems, and something like 20 illustrations, specimen pages of which I send you, together with an engraving of myself, which will form the frontispiece of the book.' With the flattering prospect before me of soon receiving 25,000 lines of verse from the writer of the above letter, and with his portrait lying on the desk at which I write, the Lounger's lot is not an unhappy one.

THE Spanish barber's epigrammatic ode on the death of Garfield, with which I favored my readers on August 1st, was slightly misprinted. The word 'President' was lacking. The complete text, revised, is as follows:

In mourning was the sky
When President Garfield die.

The author has since shown me his Spanish version of the poem. It runs thus:

El día que murió
Garfield el Presidente,
Se estremesio la gente,
Y el cielo se nubló.

Some Spanish gentlemen of literary tastes have sent me the following more literal though less poetic translation of the two lines:

Enlutado el cielo estaba
Cuando Garfield espiraba.

The barber is now meditating an ode (or epic) on 'The Two Stars'—Washington and Grant; but the demands upon his time and shears are so pressing that he doesn't know when he will be able to write it out.

A. W. R. WRITES from Monte Carneiro Ranch:—In these days when the sense of sudden loss brings vividly to mind all the lovable and noble traits of such a woman as Helen Hunt Jackson, I am tempted to recall an incident of her life in Colorado. There was a question at one time of shutting out the public from the beautiful Cheyenne Cañon. I forget whether it was proposed to close it entirely or only on Sunday, but the moral of the story remains the same. Mrs. Jackson was roused to strong and indignant protest. A spirited correspondence was carried on in the daily papers between her and the advocates for closing, and Mrs. Jackson would leave a dinner-party at her own table to seat herself at the desk in the next room and hasten a reply to some new argument against her. Moreover, all our drives—and to be with 'H. H.' in Colorado was to drive every day and all day—began or ended at the house of the gentleman who had the decision in his hands. At the close of one of these interviews, the gentleman said courteously: 'But, Mrs. Jackson, there is no need for you to feel so intensely on the subject. Even if the cañon should be closed, I shall always be happy to give you a permit to drive there at any time.' Those who remember the spirit and earnestness of Helen Jackson when she had anything at heart, can imagine the expression of her face as she answered: 'Thank you; but dear as Cheyenne Cañon is to me, I shall never enter it again after the day when it is closed to the poor and unknown.'

Mr. Gosse to Mr. Howells.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE's new volume, 'From Shakspeare to Pope,' which Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish about October 1, is made particularly interesting to American readers by the publication of a dedicatory poem to Mr. W. D. Howells, which we are permitted to print in advance of the appearance of the book. The substance of the book is made up of the lectures delivered by Mr. Gosse in the United States last winter.

The humming-bird in June
Sits, like a jewel, on your taut clothes-line,
And greets Charles River broad and opaline,
Till wanes September's honeysuckle moon
Too soon;
And then away he goes,
A flash of ruby on the southward air,
And comes no more, though still the straits are fair,
Where misty Cambridge from the Beacon shows
Pale rose;
But leaves a plume behind,
A little plume you fold into a book,
On which, one day, if you should chance to look,
Your tiny friend would rise, thro' storm and wind,
To mind.

The fluted conchs that came
Long since in Salem merchant-ships to town,
With polished porcelain lips and ridges brown,
Faint-perfumed from the isles of Eastern name
A-flame,—

These still, if shaken, give
From their deep hearts a murmur of the dome
Where once their soft inhabitants could roam,—
Sonorous seas where Indian monsters thrive
And strive;
Their owners all are dead;
The mighty ships that brought them rot on shore;
Yet still that murmur lingers at their core,
And Fancy's light across their tropic bed
Is shed.

I, less than bird or shell,
More volatile, more fragile far than these,
Lighting an hour by these New England seas
Leave here my plume, my echo,—where it fell
To dwell:

You shook it from my wing,
You dived to lift it from my glimmering deeps;
Now, wakened by your voice no more, it sleeps
And grows less mine than yours; here let it cling
And sing;

Then, when at dusk you spy
The noiseless phantom-schooners warping down
To load in mouldering wharves of Boston town,
Turn sometimes to your lamp-lit shelves, where I
Shall lie.

302 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, December, 1884.

The Reunion.

[By John G. Whittier. Read Sept. 10th, 1885, to the Surviving Students of Haverhill Academy in 1827-28.]

THE gulf of seven and fifty years
We stretch our welcoming hands across;
The distance but a pebble's toss
Between us and our youth appears.

For in life's school we linger on
The remnant of a once full list;
Conning our lessons, undismissed,
With faces to the setting sun.

And some have gone the unknown way,
And some await the call to rest;
Who knoweth whether it is best
For those who went or those who stay?

And yet despite of loss and ill,
If faith and love and hope remain,
Our length of days is not in vain,
And life is well worth living still.

Still to a gracious Providence
The thanks of grateful hearts are due,
For blessings when our lives were new,
For all the good vouchsafed us since.

The pain that spared us sorer hurt,
The wish denied, the purpose crossed,
And pleasure's fond occasions lost,
Were mercies to our small desert.

'Tis something that we wander back,
Gray pilgrims, to our ancient ways,
And tender memories of old days
Walk with us by the Merrimac,—

That even in life's afternoon
A sense of youth comes back again,
As through this cool September rain
The still green woodlands dream of June.

The eyes grown dim to present things,
Have keener sight for bygone years,
And sweet and clear, in deafening ears,
The bird that sang at morning sings.

Dear comrades, scattered wide and far,
Send from their homes their kindly word,
And dearer ones, unseen, unheard,
Smile on us from some heavenly star.

For life and death with God are one,
Unchanged by seeming change; His care
And love are round us here and there;
He breaks no thread His hand has spun.

Soul touches soul, the muster roll
Of life eternal has no gaps;
And after half a century's lapse
Our school-day ranks are closed and whole.

Hail and farewell! We go our way,
Where shadows end, we trust, in light;
The star that ushers in the night,
Is herald also of the day!

The America's Cup.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

CAPTAIN ROLAND P. COFFIN, author of 'Old Sailors' Yarns,' 'Archibald the Cat,' 'How Old Wiggins Wore Ship,' and of 'The America's Cup' (New York: Scribners' Sons), very recently produced, makes mention in his useful chronicle of a singular difficulty which confronted the pundits of the New York Yacht Club when they took counsel together how they should meet the Genesta. It was apparently thought that the Club had no vessel fit to compete with her, and this opinion was certainly flattering to her builder and designer, as the Genesta was not a brand-new yacht built simply for the Cup race, but had been through a season's severe racing in English waters. No vessel being good enough then to meet this cutter, it was necessary to build one; but, though American yachtsmen are certainly not chary of their money, it was seemingly apprehended that there would be some difficulty about this. Captain Coffin says, with a certain pathos and with a naïveté not common among his countrymen, that, 'although the Club [the New York Yacht Club] is an association of wealthy gentlemen, it could not afford to spend all its millions on yachts, especially as the sloop required was larger than any one wanted for ordinary yachting, and would be of little use after the race for the Cup was over, unless her rig was changed.' Now, as the two yachts which have actually been built for the combat are but 85 and 80 feet long on the water-line, it is not easy to see what Captain Coffin means when he speaks of vessels being too large for ordinary yachting. If the Genesta, on account of her size, was likely to win as against American yachts, why should not other yachts of the same size or bigger than she be likely to win against American yachts in contests subsequent to that for the Cup? It is impossible to follow the Captain's reasoning, unless he means that a vessel built for the race would have spars and sails of very dangerous dimensions; but it is easy to appreciate the significance of the other part of his sentence. Rightly or wrongly, it seems to have been thought that any vessel built to sail for the Cup would necessarily be a 'racing machine' constructed for that one contest, and fit for nothing afterwards.

Of course we do not for a moment assert that the two yachts which have been built for the race, the steel Priscilla and the wooden Puritan, belong to this order, and they may be marvels of strength and seaworthiness; but the Captain clearly shows what the opinion of American yachtsmen was, and indicates the risk of losing to a worthless vessel which might be incurred by an English yacht-owner who took his ship across the Atlantic. However, an English yacht-owner has been willing to run this risk and to face some serious disadvantages, and his countrymen can but wish him success in an enterprise which is bold, but can hardly be considered promising, for the odds are certainly much against him. Next week will probably show what the comparative powers of the American champion yacht and of the English ship—which, be it observed, is not the champion yacht—are, and the first match ought, if the weather is favorable, to be the most interesting which has been sailed since the America beat the English fleet in 1851. Indeed, it should be by far the most interesting, for the subsequent contests have derived their éclat from being races for the cup, and apart from this fact have not been remarkable. Of the first great match it is not necessary now to speak, as it has been described times without end. A mighty triumph it assuredly was, and, as such, it has been celebrated with unflagging vigor for thirty-four years. That the America was far better than the English yachts, and that she gained a splendid victory, has never been doubted; but it is to be observed—and this is frequently overlooked—that she had a large concession made to her, as she had to give no time allowance, and that, had there been time allow-

ance, one of the English craft would have run her very close. Comparatively insignificant have been the matches which during the long space of time just mentioned have followed this, the most famous of all yacht races. Partly, perhaps, because English yachtsmen were timid and conventional, partly perhaps because there was a strong idea that, whatever American yachts might be like, American diplomatic ability would be equal to any situation whatever, no attempt was made to bring the cup back for seventeen years. In 1870 the courageous, if somewhat contentious, Mr. Ashbury, after sailing the Cambria against the Sappho in English waters and getting well beaten, and then racing the famous American schooner Dauntless across the Atlantic and beating her, sailed against a fleet of American yachts for the America's Cup. According to Captain Coffin, the Committee benevolently intended—with extraordinary chivalry certainly—to give the Cambria the weather berth at starting, it being an anchor start; but somehow or other the wind misconducted itself, and the Cambria was to leeward of all the other yachts. Even the wind is patriotic in America.

The Cambria was beaten, and badly beaten, which was not astonishing, as she had fourteen vessels on her weather; in fact, she hardly could have won except by some astounding fluke; but, with all allowance for this, she does not seem to have sailed specially well, and, if she had gained, it would hardly have been a real triumph, as she was undoubtedly inferior to the American Sappho, which did not compete in this race. Mr. Ashbury, however, was quite undaunted, and, the Cambria not being 'good enough,' built the Livonia, and took her across the Atlantic, with the resolute intention of winning the Cup, if by any possibility it could be fairly won; but, little to the credit of the N. Y. Y. C., he was never allowed a fair contest. It would now be superfluous and far beyond the limits of the space at our command to attempt to recapitulate, however briefly, his stormy correspondence with the special Committee of N. Y. Y. C., but one fact which we take from Captain Coffin's books—and Captain Coffin is a fervent American yachtsman—may well be stated. Perhaps it is not generally known. It appears from letters of Mr. Ashbury's, dated June 15 and October 7, 1871, that he offered to sail twelve races, seven out of twelve races to win, but that this most fair offer, which must have shown that it was his intention to fight the battle in such a manner as to prove indubitably which was the best ship, was declined. Ultimately the matches were sailed in a ridiculous and discreditable manner. Mr. Ashbury having, it must be said, advanced one untenable proposition, yielded where he ought to have been firm, and the Committee were allowed to nominate their vessel on the morning of the start. The Columbia was the first vessel to sail against the Livonia, and she beat her twice, the Committee disregarding a protest with regard to the second race which Captain Coffin allows to have been legitimate. In the third race the Columbia lost, owing, it is said, to an accident to her steering gear, and the Sappho was then pitted against the English yacht, and she beat her twice. Mr. Ashbury was thus defeated in his attempt to win the famous Cup, and, though the victories of the Columbia, a centre-board, are not worth considering, the victory of the Sappho was apparently quite decisive; but, whether the N. Y. Y. C. possessed the better vessel or not, there can be no doubt that the conduct of their Committee was by no means sportsmanlike, and it is satisfactory to think that it has been frequently condemned, not merely here, but also on the other side of the Atlantic.

Of the efforts made since the failure of the Livonia to wrest the trophy from the American Club it is hardly necessary to speak, as they were of a very puerile nature. In 1876 a Canadian vessel, called the Countess of Dufferin, dubbed a yacht, but apparently owned by a kind of joint-stock society, sailed against the American Madeleine. Five years later the Atalanta, another Canadian vessel, manned by a crew of amateurs, was hopelessly defeated by the Mischief and the Gracie, and seems to have been not a little presumptuous to enter and sail such a vessel for the America's Cup. Now, at last, a real attempt is to be made by a yacht which, though not the best English yacht afloat—for that proud position must be conceded to the Irex—is undoubtedly a very good one. She will sail with but small chance of success, as she will have to contend with a centre-board craft built expressly for this contest. The centre-board—a vile type—is, for excellent reasons, condemned by all English yacht clubs; but undoubtedly vessels belonging to it have very great speed in a light breeze and smooth water. If, then, the Genesta wins, she will accomplish a very extraordinary feat, and she will have the honor of bringing back to England what is perhaps the ugliest piece of plate ever made by an English silversmith—which is saying a great deal.

The Advancing Influence of Women.

[From *The Spectator*.]

IN a paper published by Mr. Llewelyn Davies in the volume of very thoughtful sermons on social questions which he has just published, is contained an address to a Church Conference during the course of last year, on 'The Advance of Women,' in which he maintains not only that the tendency of all recent changes in the position of women is *toward* equality with men,—which could hardly be disputed,—but further, that sooner or later, the effect of the Christian teaching of St. Paul, that 'there can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male or female, for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus,' must eventually be to require that 'no law or custom should be maintained which tempts man to lord it over women, or which is unfavorable to the complete development of the woman's nature.' And Mr. Llewelyn Davies certainly shows very good reason to believe that though the Apostles taught that married women should more or less merge themselves in their husbands so as not to take a leading part in the services of the Church, there was no such prohibition put, either practically or theoretically, on the spiritual functions of single women, who were often amongst the prophets of the early Church, and were treated by that Church with as much respect and consideration as men. We can hardly doubt, indeed, that Christianity has not contributed even to the extinction of slavery more than it has to the respect felt and manifested for what, after all, Mr. Llewelyn Davies holds to be 'the weaker vessel.' 'For the present,' he writes, 'the presumption undoubtedly is that the woman is permanently and in all respects the weaker vessel. But the weaker vessel may with regard to many relations be put on an equal footing with the stronger. There is no difficulty in understanding, no impossibility in bringing about, such equality. And we may draw an argument for communities and equalities which have not yet been conceded from those which have been. No one contends that the mental and moral nature of woman is more different from that of man than the physical. Now, as St. Clement says, the fool of the two sexes is common. Women have been allowed from time immemorial in England to eat and drink the same things as men, and to take their food with them. They are also free to join with the other sex in physical exercises and games, in public singing and acting. Such community in eating and drinking and playing would have been thought in ancient Greece and Asia "inexpedient and immodest." I quote from the title of a recent sermon,—“To educate young women like young men and with young men, a thing inexpedient and immodest.” Let us imagine St. Paul to come and see us as we now are. Let him be introduced to a large dinner-party, and observe the ladies, young and old, in their fashionable evening dress, and watch the dishes and the wines going round. Let him afterwards look in at a ball, and see the young women dancing with the young men. Then let us suppose him to see what has been already put in practice, or even all that the most ambitious advocates of women's intellectual and civil advancement have ever dreamed of, in the way of common lecture-rooms and common examinations, and the sharing of political functions. If he hears that there are those who cheerfully acquiesce in the dinner-party and the ball, but denounce the mixing of the sexes in study and civil duties as immodest,—is there not some risk that he might be reminded of those who strain at the gnat but swallow the camel? We should think that it would be an absolute certainty that St. Paul would regard the charge of immodesty as applying far less to even the most advanced claims for women in the professional or political spheres of life, than to the actual customs of our world as regards the place taken by women in our amusements. In some of our amusements an Asiatic would undoubtedly think that the position of women is wholly inconsistent with modesty. And if he could be convinced that that charge is false as regards the world of amusement, he would not condescend to argue the question further as regards the utmost claims which have yet been made for the political or professional position of women. But, of course, it would not follow at all that because there is no *immodesty* in any of the demands of women on behalf of women, therefore there is no *inexpediency* in them. Mr. Llewelyn Davies himself would hardly approve of having Amazon regiments added to our Army, or Amazon crews to our Navy. And probably enough he would not hold that the non-existence of such regiments and crews is likely to tempt men in any substantial degree 'to lord it over women.' Quite certainly he would not hold the non-existence of Amazons amongst us 'unfavorable to the development of women.' He would simply say that it is inexpedient that women should try and emulate men

in the feats of physical warfare. And for very similar reasons it may honestly be held to be inexpedient,—though we do not gather that Mr. Llewelyn Davies thinks so,—that women should attempt to influence politics in any other way than that in which they influence war—namely, by the potent influence which they exert over the minds and hearts of men.

But whatever may be thought of the way in which women are destined to exert their influence in the future, no one with any sound judgment will deny that year by year they are destined to exert a greater and greater influence over the course of affairs in the most civilized countries of Europe. If it were only by virtue of the new education they are obtaining, and obtaining with the hearty good will of almost all wise men, that must be the consequence. When women know as much of the course of affairs as men know, they will certainly have almost as much to do with guiding it; and even before that comes about, they will exert an influence more or less proportioned to their knowledge,—sometimes more than their knowledge justifies, sometimes less. We do not doubt for a moment that we have quite recently seen, and shall see more and more as time goes on, the results of that greater influence. Causes have already assumed importance to which it is likely enough that men would not, so soon at all events, have attached that importance; other causes are already being treated in a very different manner from any in which men, left to themselves, would have treated them; nay, feminine spokesmen are constantly found venturing on exhortations and menaces which, if they were used by men, would lead to very serious remonstrances, and perhaps to positive penalties, but which, when used by women, pass unchallenged. During the fiercest part of the Land League campaign in Ireland, the 'Ladies' Committee' was amongst the most venturesome and effective of the League's instruments. And just recently we have had ladies proclaiming doctrines, amidst great applause, which threaten to undermine the authority of the law altogether, and to reinstate so-called 'Lynch Law,'—in other words, power that respects no law, in its place. Only last Saturday, a lady declared that 'in America, when the law did not execute itself, the law abided in the hearts of every man and every woman, and he applied it when it failed to apply itself; and that law was the Lynch law, and a very good law it was. In her opinion they ought to lynch those men, and she would do it herself. (Cheers.)' This lady did not refer to the character of the Lynch law decisions,—the carelessness with which people who use it lynch one man for another man's sins, the passion with which tumult leaps at judgments which only calm and sober tribunals can pass with even approximate justice, and the terrible havoc which unjust sentences make in the fabric of human society. She never considered even what society gains by its deference for law, and what it would lose if, even for the sake of enforcing a few merited penalties, the authority of law were to be greatly reduced. All that was quite out of her range of view. She assumed, as people so often assume, that to pass just verdicts and just sentences is a very easy thing, whereas it is one of the most difficult things in human life. In the fierceness of her indignation against the wickedness which too often goes unpunished, she ignored the reason why so many guilty men and women escape punishment—namely, that the escape of the guilty is a far less evil than the punishment of the innocent.

And this seems to us to point to the chief influence which women are likely to exert over the course of affairs. They will often stimulate most usefully the higher sentiments of men, and sometimes no doubt,—for women are not free from the distortions of feeling to which men are so subject,—their lower sentiments. But so far as mere feeling is concerned, the women who concern themselves with general affairs will probably improve the moral attitude of men. On the other hand, for a long time to come at least, they will certainly often obscure the problems with which they deal by their impatience of the difficulties and obstacles which beset all human efforts. They will be for ignoring all considerations, however serious, which appear to require delay and deliberation before any important undertaking. They will overcloud the wiser course with a mist of feeling, and refuse to see the most conspicuous consequences in the purity of their motives. We expect from the new influence which women will exert a greatly increased fervor of sympathy for what is right, and a greatly increased risk of plunging into actions that are at once well intentioned and practically wrong. We shall have a great deal less scrupulousness and a great deal more enthusiasm; a great deal less hesitation in calling a spade a spade, and a great deal more scorn for those who are anxious to point out the distinction between a spade and a trowel; a great deal less disposition to extenuate what is plainly bad in motive as well as in consequence, and a great deal more disposition to ex-

tenuate doing evil that good may come of it,—in a word, a great deal less calmness and discrimination in what we do, and a great deal more impulse and emotion. Whatever happens, women's view of public affairs is undoubtedly destined to be a far more important factor in the future than it has been in the past; and therefore, amongst the many good and ardent women who will gravely affect the future course of affairs, we are bound to attach the most importance to those who speak not only with the noble motive of the best of their sex, but with that steadiness and gravity, that evidence of deliberate judgment and anxious forecast, which may assure us that they combine the purer sentiments of the best women with the sedate judgment of the best men.

Carlyle on the Negro Question.

[From Editor's Easy Chair, in *Harper's Monthly*.]

CHELSEA, LONDON, 25 October, 1846.

SIR,—The New York Booksellers have duly forwarded to me, a few days ago, your volume of *Lectures*; for which I beg to return you many thanks. The candid, ardent, and manful spirit which shines everywhere thro' these Discourses renders the Gift welcome in itself, and as a token of your kind feelings towards me still more so.

I have always said of America, in looking at its books, *meliora latent*; the best meaning of America has not yet come to words (or even to thought)—it is but still struggling to come! And surely, if it be true, as one sometimes prophesies, that huge changes lie not far ahead in your Republic as elsewhere, whosoever has in his heart a clear word longing for utterance, ought to do his best to utter it. With many thanks and good wishes, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

To Professor TUCKER, etc.

CHELSEA, LONDON, 21 October, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter and Pamphlets have duly reached me; for which accept my acknowledgments. The style both of what you write and of what you have spoken invites a considerate perusal; and such accordingly you have had from me. If it were in my power to forward, in the way you mention, what I find to be right and essentially just in your endeavors, surely I should not neglect it. But that, I must add, is little likely, in the present state of our affairs, as of yours! Our 'New Downing Street,' as the present omens indicate, is still at a great distance.

Meanwhile, dark as we are in regard to all details, I think you rather exaggerate to yourself our ignorance as to your essential position in that big controversy. I find it a settled conviction among rational Englishmen, which they frequently express in a careless way, that the Southern States must ultimately feel driven to separate themselves from the Northern; in which result there is not felt here to be anything treasonous or otherwise horrible; our grand short-coming is that we regard the matter as one in which we have no concern, or a much smaller one than the fact might indicate if we would look at it;—that, in short, the *rational* class, on this as on some other subjects, is at present a dull and lukewarm one; and that, Exeter Hall having all the talk to itself, a windy foolish and otherwise inconsiderable *minority* (for such I really take it to be, even by a count of Heads, if you insisted on having any degree of sense in them) usurps the name and figure of England in treating of this matter. Perhaps now at last the dumb sense of the Country does begin to stir, and growl a kind of inarticulate contradiction to the Platforms; but I foresee it will be a long time, such is the complicated depth of this Emancipation Question, and such the general numb bewilderment of men's minds, before the wise result be insisted on with emphasis, and get the majority in its favor.

For you and other men of sense and manfulness of spirit, who stand in the very coil of Negro complications, and feel practically that you must retain command of your servants, or else quit your place and task in the world, I find it altogether natural that you should in silence resolve to front all extremities rather than yield to an extrinsic demand of that nature, however big-voiced and pretentious it became: in which quarrel, too, what can I say, except 'God stand by the *right*,' which I clearly perceive you in part are!

But, alas, the question is deep as the foundations of society; and will not be settled this long while! For the cry about Emancipation, so well pleased with itself on Humanity Platforms, is but the key-note of that huge anarchic roar now rising from all nations, for good reasons too,—which tends to abolish all mastership and obedience whatsoever in this world, and to render *Society* impossible among the Sons of Adam! And I

doubt we have hardly got to the crisis of that yet,—at least among speakers in England I find myself in a painful minority of one in regard to it;—and *after* the crisis, when the minority shall have even become considerable, I feel too well what a task will lie ahead of them! It is truly time that each brave man consulted solemnly his own most religious oracles on the subject, and stood piously prepared to do whatever God's-mandate he felt to be laid on him in regard to it.

Give me leave, in my dim light, but in my real sympathy with your affairs, to hint another thought I have. It is that this clamor from your 'Exeter Hall' and ours, which few persons can regard with less reverence than I, was nevertheless a thing *necessary*. My notion is that the relation of the White man to the Black is *not* at present a just one according to the Law of the Eternal; and tho' 'Abolition' is by no means the way to remedy it, and would be a 'remedy' equivalent to killing it (as I believe), yet, beyond all question, remedied it must be; and peace upon it is not possible till a remedy be found, and begin to be visibly applied. 'A servant hired *for life*, instead of by the day or month: 'I have often wondered that wise and just men in your region (of whom I believe there are many) had not come upon a great many methods, or at least some methods better than those yet in use, of justly enunciating this relation, and relieving such asperities of it as become intolerable. Have you, for example, a law by which a Negro, on producing a certain sum of money possible for the thrift and foresight of a superior Negro, can demand his Freedom?—I could conceive many other laws, and Practices not quite in use at present; but am at the bottom of my paper, and must end. I shall say only, the Negro Question will be left in peace, when God Almighty's law about it *is* (with tolerable approximation) actually found out and practised; and never till then. Might this also be a word to the wise!—With many regards and true wishes,

Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

To Hon^{ble} BEVERLEY TUCKER,
Williamsburg,
Virginia, U. S.

Current Criticism

MR. PHELPS AS A SPEAKER.—Mr. Phelps, the new American Minister, is treading very close on the heels of his able predecessor. His speeches are popular, short, and sagacious; and though they have not the literary stamp of Mr. Lowell's, they are always interesting. His best this week was delivered on the occasion of opening a workingmen's club at Clifton, near Rugby, on Wednesday. When referring to the depression of trade, both here and across the Atlantic, he remarked that 'it is not the custom of Americans, any more than it is the custom of Englishmen, to lie down in a furrow under discouraging circumstances;' and added that 'there is no country that is good enough for an idle and worthless man, that has yet been discovered in the geography of this world.' His remarks, too, on the *conditional* character of the good which the extension of the suffrage will bring, were admirable. It would do no good, he said, to those who would not try to understand political questions so far as they could, and to judge honestly and independently of them. Nor would it be likely to do good to those who do not understand that all classes in a country suffer if one suffers; and that no class can ultimately gain by dragging down another class into misfortune. Without touching on party politics, Mr. Phelps made one of the wisest political speeches that we have read for many months back.—*The Spectator*.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS TOMB.—It is not without interest, now that Victor Hugo is buried in the Panthéon, for us to be told that he had no very high opinion of that edifice. 'The Arc de Triomphe is truly great,' he said; 'I doubt if the Panthéon ever is so. It is not only that it resembles a Savoy cake—for perhaps it is the Savoy cakes which resemble it—but in this superposing of domes, of cupolas, and of porticos, nothing astonishes me, nothing attracts me. It is an eclectic monument in which there is a little of everything, . . . un vaste édifice désert, qu' inspire l'ennui et que ne remplit aucune horreur sacrée.' And he could see nothing truly religious in a place where mass was said just over Voltaire, and where confessions were heard just over Rousseau. M. Lesclide gives a detailed report of certain dialogues between Hugo and his 'directeur de conscience' under the Restoration, who was none other than Lamennais, and who left the Church himself before he could bring Hugo into it. But in freeing himself from the

trammels of all creeds Hugo could not surrender all his superstitions; he confessed that he was afraid to be one of thirteen at table. 'He never discussed the question; he told a host of cases and of circumstances in which the number thirteen had been fatal to him and to his sons.' Care was taken always to avoid the unfortunate number, and, if it was attained by mischance or miscalculation, the children were made to dine at a side-table, which did not always please them.—*The Saturday Review*.

ENGLISH JAPANNED.—The following specimen of 'English as she is spoke in Japan' was picked up at the Inventories early in the summer. It seems that the ambitious Japs, not content with underselling the world in works of decorative art and revolutionizing our drawing-rooms, seek new worlds to conquer in manufacturing industry. The leaflet from which we quote is one of some advertisements of their wares exhibited at the Inventories. They arrived in large bundles for gratuitous distribution, but were immediately withdrawn from circulation. This was a pity, for the advertisements were certainly in themselves evidence of no small power of invention. Here, for instance, is the advice concerning 'iodide or iron rice extract':—'Many pharmacists had been long directing their attentions for removing the unpleasant tastes and odors of some mediaines. Above all iodide of iron is one of most unpleasant, and many patients cannot take sufficient quantity by itself. Now a new preparation of combining the iron with rice extract is invented by our company. The taste is not so unpleasant, and, even in some large doses, the preparation does not seem to affect injuriously the process of digestion. Use in scrofulous affections cathecia, cutaneous diseases, arthralgia, catarrhal cases, and malignant uelsers.' There is a frankness about this advertisement of a patent medicine 'not so unpleasant,' which is as engaging as the freshness of its style.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

AN UNMORAL WORLD.—In some respects 'Lise Fleuron' reminds us of a recently published English novel, 'A Mummer's Wife,' by Mr. George Moore, which was reviewed in these columns a few months ago. Both books treat of the seamy side of theatrical life, both deal with illicit amours and vile passions, and in both, therefore, the moral atmosphere is repellent and unwholesome. But there is a difference notwithstanding. An English author may defy morality, but he cannot very well ignore it; it is too important an element of the life in the midst of which his own life has been and is lived. The heroine of 'A Mummer's Wife' fell from virtue with a full and amply realised consciousness of what it was from which she had fallen; and not she alone, but her lover and all the prominent personages in the story, though they may be deficient in moral principle, have at any rate a recognizable moral sensibility—that is, they feel the pressure of ethical laws whether they yield to that pressure or resist it. In M. Ohnet's book there is no such consciousness, no such sensibility to moral pressure; and it is, perhaps, one of the most noteworthy signs of the utter corruption of a certain French school that the writers belonging to it can, without any effort, create a world in which the moral element is simply non-existent, in which men and women are acted upon by all forces except those forces which are the highest and the most distinctively human.—*The Spectator*.

Notes

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, as the authorized publishers of 'the Duchess's' novels, desire to warn the public and the trade that her last work, 'O Tender Dolores,' has already appeared under the title of 'Dick's Sweetheart,' and will be issued by an English house as 'Green Pleasure and Gray Grief.' The subjoined letter substantiates their claim to be the lady's American publishers:—Understanding that an edition of my latest novel, 'O Tender Dolores,' has been published in New York under the title of 'Dick's Sweetheart,' I hasten to assure you that it has been issued without my knowledge or consent. From the commencement of my work you have been my American publishers, and the only editions of my books authorized by me for sale in America have been those issued by your house. The title 'O Tender Dolores' is the name which I myself selected for the work in question, and the name by which I have desired it should be known in America.

—Mr. Horatio Hale has received the deserved compliment of being appointed Vice-President of the anthropological section of the American Association for the next meeting—Buffalo, August 16, 1886.

—The first edition of E. P. Roe's new novel, 'An Original Belle,' to be published next week, is 25,000. The sale of Mr. Roe's books has reached the astonishing total of 750,000 copies.

—'Jan Vedder's Wife,' a pretty story by Mrs. Barr, has found favor in England, where it has already reached a second edition.

—Messrs. Lothrop will begin the publication ere long of a series of compilations of poems relating to the months. The volumes will be twelve in number, named for the months, and are to be edited by Oscar Fay Adams. 'November,' the initial volume of the series, is already in press. It includes over a hundred poems by English and American authors, with indexes of subjects and first lines, a list of authors, and a table of contents.

—'A Sanskrit Primer,' by Edward Delavan Perry, Ph.D., of Columbia College, based on the 'Leitfaden für den Elementar-cursus des Sanskrit' of Professor Bühler, of Vienna, with exercises and vocabularies, will be issued by Ginn & Co. about Oct. 15.

—General Grant's third paper, a description of the battle of Chattanooga, will appear in the November *Century*. The Wilderness article will be printed in one of the Winter numbers. The new novel which Mr. Howells is writing for *The Century* will treat of 'a simple-souled, pure-hearted country youth, who comes to Boston with a trashy poem he has written, and with no other visible means of support.' Some of the characters in 'Silas Lapham' will reappear in the new serial. Mr. Howells has written a story for *St. Nicholas* called 'Christmas Every Day,' and his little daughter has illustrated it.

—Adam Bede has been added to the Franklin Square Library.

—The November *Harper's*, concluding the seventy-first volume of the magazine, will contain 'An Indian Journey,' by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. Swain Gifford. There will also be an art-paper by Mr. John L. O'Sullivan.

—Austin Dobson's 'At the Sign of the Lyre,' which appeared in this country in March, is to be issued in England in October.

—Mr. W. Dilke, the only and younger brother of Charles Wentworth Dilke, the former editor and proprietor of *The Athenaeum*, is dead, in his ninetieth year. He was a grand-uncle of the present Sir C. W. Dilke. In 1814, during the advance of the Duke of Wellington into France, Mr. Dilke was left in charge of an exposed depot of stores on the Garonne, and went through many adventures. After serving in America he returned to England in 1815 in Waterloo week, and was at once ordered to Paris, which he entered before the allied sovereigns after a very dangerous ride, and was employed to make arrangements for the entry. He served in Paris throughout the occupation, and was a deputy assistant commissary general of 1816. His father received Keats and Charles A. Brown at Chichester on their southern tour, and Mr. W. Dilke could remember vividly the poet then as well as in their more frequent intercourse at Hampstead, when Mr. W. Dilke was on visits to his brother.

—The Library Edition of Thackeray's works, which has been appearing volume by volume during the last two years, is now approaching completion, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 'and the two additional volumes which will conclude the set may be expected shortly. Much interest will be felt in these two extra volumes, which are to consist entirely of Mr. Thackeray's hitherto uncollected writings. It is of course well known that much of his work, especially that belonging to an early period of his literary career, is scattered through old magazines and periodicals, and is thus practically out of reach of the ordinary reader. The copyright of some of these early writings has just expired, or is about to do so, and they would of course be immediately and indiscriminately reprinted. We cannot but feel glad that this prospect has, as it would seem, at last broken down the apparent reluctance of the owners of Mr. Thackeray's copyrights to reprint anything which was not, as it were, sanctioned by himself, and induced them to give the public a selection of these early writings, many of which, if memory serves, are very interesting and characteristic, especially the critical papers in *Fraser's Magazine*. It is understood that one of the new volumes will contain a good many of these reviews of books and picture exhibitions, as well as a variety of stories and sketches; while the other will consist entirely of his contributions with pen and pencil to the pages of *Punch*. These last should form a most entertaining volume. Of course among them the various adventures of 'The Fat Contributor' will find a place, and it is to be hoped that some capital papers on 'Political Snobs' will not be forgotten.

—The conclusion of Hugh Conway's 'A Family Affair' in the September *English Illustrated* merely brings matters to a graceful close, the climax having been reached before. One dainty little touch is worthy of special mention, however: the recognition of the little boy when he stops to rub his feet before entering Hazlewood House. The conclusion of 'Beneath the Dark Shadow,' by Andrée Hope, is a chapter of horrors too rambling and indefinite to be thrillingly effective. Other papers are 'China-Making at Stoke-on-Trent,' by Bernard H. Becker, and 'The Great Fen,' by Samuel H. Miller. We are happy to note that Mr. Walter Crane's 'Sirens Three' have now brought their performances to a close.

—'A Political Crime: The History of the Great Fraud' (1876), by A. M. Gibson, will be published by Mr. Gottsberger early next month.

—In their Aldine Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish today the first and second series of Lowell's 'Biglow Papers,' in two volumes. They will also issue at the same time Bret Harte's 'Maruja,' Gen. George H. Gordon's 'Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain,' and the same officer's 'War Diary,' new editions of O. F. Adams's hand-books of English and American authors, and a new edition of Aldrich's novels and poems.

—'Heads and Faces: How to Study Them' is the title of a work now in press by the Fowler & Wells Co.

—Messrs. Appleton will be the American publishers of the new series of small volumes, entitled English Worthies, announced in the last number of THE CRITIC.

—Mr. F. O. C. Darley, who was reported to be ill earlier in the season, is well again.

—D. Lothrop & Co. will publish this season a subscription edition of the poems of James Berry Bensen. 'In The Kine's Garden' is the title of the book.

—Secretary Bayard, Julian Hawthorne, Hamilton Fish, Senator Edmunds, E. P. Roe, Joaquin Miller, Dr. Hammond, Edward Everett Hale, President Eliot, Francis Parkman, General Sherman, ex-Gov. A. B. Cornell, and others, will discuss the question 'Has America Need of a Westminster Abbey?' in the October number of *The Brooklyn Magazine*.

—The next number of *Christian Thought* is to contain Rev. Dr. Deems's anniversary address before the Institute of Christian Philosophy.

—'Books and Bookmen,' by Andrew Lang, forming the beginning of a series of volumes to be called Books for the Bibliophile, is announced by George J. Coombes.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have in press for early publication an old Indian drama, 'Sakoontala, or The Lost Ring,' translated from the Sanskrit of Kālidasa by Professor Monier Williams. The book is beautifully printed by De Vinne, with colored head- and tail-pieces.

—Mr. Griswold Harte desires us to state that he is not the 'business manager' of *Town Topics*, but only 'business assistant to the editor'—whatever that may be.

—There are few who will not turn first in *The Overland* for September to the account by Flora Haines Apponyi of the last days of Mrs. Jackson. Scattered widely at this season, many of Mrs. Jackson's personal friends will learn first from this printed story the particulars they will be so anxious to learn. It was at Helena, Montana,—with no foreboding of the sad association that the name of the place by strange coincidence would hereafter hold for us,—that the writer of this note took up an Eastern paper with an allusion to 'the late Helen Jackson.' While still too far away for details by letter, *The Overland* came with its gentle and touching story of what is not too personal for publication. To those who know the exquisite taste and fastidious fancy that made pleasant surroundings almost essential to the happiness of Mrs. Jackson, it is interesting to know about the very furniture of the room which was strange to her when she came to it to die, and to hear of the tall windows to the south and east commanding a superb view of the scenery she loved so well. An appreciative article on 'The Verse and Prose of H. H.' by M. W. Shinn does well to quote Mr. Emerson's opinion of Mrs. Jackson's poetry. Mr. Stedman, in his recent review of poetry, gave Mrs. Jackson but a pitiful number of lines even as one of the 'women poets,' and many will agree with what Mr. Emerson's criticism implied, that 'H. H.' wrote some poems that will live at least as long as anything of Whittier's, or Longfellow's, or Lowell's.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1024.—1. Can Thomas Chatterton be properly called 'a classic'? —2. Who is generally considered the most rapid of the old painters—Tintoretto or Rubens? —3. What is Bernesque poetry, and why so called? —4. Is Ruskin rightly called the greatest living master of English prose? Is his style better as a model than that of Arnold or Spencer? —5. Is the title Protestant Episcopal Church usually applied to the Established Church of England?

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

J. H. W.

[1. No. —4. We think he is rightly so called; but Cardinal Newman would probably be a safer model for the young writer. —5. No; it is usually called, as well in England as in this country, the Church of England.]

No. 1025.—I am anxious to get a complete and reliable atlas. Can you recommend one that is good, and at the same time not too expensive?

PORT ALLEN, LA.

K. M. H.

['Mitchell's New School Atlas,' \$1.08, E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.]

No. 1026.—Can any one give me the name of the publisher of 'Lift Up Your Hearts'?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

M. B. B.

No. 1027.—1. Is there any book which gives practical suggestions on the art of play-writing? —2. Can some one who has had experience in writing plays lay down a course of study for one who intends to devote himself to dramatic composition?

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

B. D.

[1. We know of none. —2. An instructive article on the literature of the stage, by Brander Matthews, appeared in THE CRITIC of May 12, 1888. *The Pull Mail Gazette* recently printed interviews with the best-known English playwrights on the subject of play-writing, in which they told how they were in the habit of making their plays. The French dramatists made known their methods at about the same time; but the information given was in no case of great practical value.]

ANSWERS.

No. 995.—The Byron-Murray line as printed in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, Stanza 182, was under discussion here a few evenings since. Byron rejected 'wasted' without substituting his own chosen word. He appears to have made no objections to the line beyond the one word 'wasted,' of which he says 'That's not me.' Subsequently 'washed them power' was adopted by Murray as the proper reading, 'power' being apparently interpolated by him. Judge Wm. M. Burwell, of this city, himself a scholar and an author, suggested that the word in dispute was possibly 'nurtured.' The original word evidently began with a consonant resembling *w* and ended in *ed*. Any one who will look at Byron's manuscript as lithographed in his works, and observe his *n's* and *w's*, will feel convinced that he was capable of writing 'nurtured' so as to look, even in the skilled eyes of a compositor, like either 'wasted' or 'washed.'

Thy waters nurtured them while they were free

seems to fit the measure and to suit the sense.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

M. A. T.

No. 1015.—I have the poem beginning

Forever thine, whate'er this heart betide,

in a little book called 'The Bridal Wreath,' edited by Percy Bryant, and published by William J. Reynolds in 1845. The poem was written by A. A. Watts.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

A. B. D.

No. 1019.—The missing line is printed in italics, in the subjoined stanza:

Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse,
The strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse.

RAHWAY, N. J.

M. S. S.

No. 1020.—W. G. Jordan's 'Guide to Readings and Recitations' shows that 'The Battle of Busaco' may be found on page 245 of Zachos' 'New American Speaker' (\$1.75), and on page 289 of Lovell's 'United States Speaker' (\$1.25).

NEW YORK CITY.

G.

\$243,000 was paid last year for claims under the Life Policies of THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., and \$1,292,000 to Life and Accident claimants together.

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